THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE "CONDITIONS ON NEXT PAGE"

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1720.

Choice Poetry.

A LIVING PICTURE.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

No, I'll not say your name—I have said it now-and-yes, mine—dust in childish cradle tossed. I'm having a scene of my families dear delight. Till baby-noses reach us. Time may come when on your tear not once look down on your white hair, Smiling to hear us call each other thus, And, oftener, not alone the old, old dear, The marvellous days—days when we two were young!

How far off seems that time, and yet how near! Now, as I lie and watch you come and go (Memory's handfuls of spring greenery, in soft rain Just gathered, and brown curls that gild the fall, And over-us the flapping in the April wind)— I could forget these many years—start up, Crying "Come, let's go play!" Well-day. Good, Our playing is all done!

Still, let us smile; For as you dot about with those same dowers, You look like a spring morning, thrilled with light. And on your lips a bright remarks bird Sits, singing its gay heart out in old tunes; While, as embodied music, moves your step, Your free, wild, springy step, like ours. (The wind, Blazing on you, I see young Alice, Or Pocahontas, noble child o' the sun, Or Lady Geraldine, her "Courtship" o'er, Moves through the dark shrubs.

But I'll not prate Fair sorrowful hearer, ignorant in her That light intoxication laugh is worth a world! That laugh—with soft old-childishness. Well, now, Vague dream! Come, true and pure reality Come, dewy dawn of whitened, motherly head, Broadening to golden day. Come, aimed round Of unspoke joys, sweet dear, most happy years! When each tall hour deeps blow with liberal hand, I've leaves to-morrow richer than to-day.

Will you sit here? The grass is summer warm. Lean, how those children love the dusty stony. Do did we too, do you and I? Time rides! he has your rosy mouth. Yet, you will have's, Who knows how to behave's? Well, even so! They would not be more dark and deep, and kind.

Do you know, this hour I have been fancying you A poet's dream, and almost judged it true? There was no poet in praise you—

Why, you're down! After those wild sirens in the flower-bed there! Ah, ha! you've known all!

So best—so best. Make pretty songs, content, o'er unmoved eyes— I would not have you other than you are.

Pictures of Life.

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"There is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking," said Mr. Merritt Hawkins to his wife; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable: you are a sober man: since I have kept you house, I never remember you get bodily unsound; indeed, I know that weeks pass with not your handkerchief being much less wear of spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave 'the Gospel' alone, it would be left in a state of half who would not have your scruples. All the penny my dear, your house is the best conducted of in the parish—"

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted the wife, looking up from her book. "I ought not to connect myself with providing your wine, and spirits: if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, endeavor to prevent its sale."

"But we must live, Mathew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"You, Martha, we must live: but not the lives of starving men, who, for a few pence, risk the souls, and sometimes the bodies of their fellow-creatures."

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in much learning, but in her breast the knowledge of which is worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said—"Mathew, what is 'tramperies'?"

Mathew made no reply; so Martha—who best—"brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unprofitable farm—furnished an usual shrug of incredulity, and trimming all within her sphere by worn-out and shriveled-up canticles, as soon as by the customary shake of the head, she looked at Mathew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he think of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him?—but she would "manage him." It is strange how low and contemptible, how far removed from higher and better natures than their own.

"Mathew," he sallied at last in a loud voice, "I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Crust."

"I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a domestic servant, and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here"—said was Martha's answer.

"And yet," replied Mathew—"more: Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings—sometimes what he paid me."

"He's an honorable man, Mathew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six shillings—more than a month—that I had lent him frankly (he will have it hangs.) They are not always punctual, but I am sure that I can not P. C. on them, but I—something; I forget what."

Mathew waxed wrath. "Have I not told you," he said—"have I not told you that we must be considerate to the short and blood, without the bones and marrow of those poor drunkards? I am not a para-broker to lend money on pledges worth. I sell; to be sure, what needs to it, but that is his fault, not mine."

"You should just now it was yours," said his sister, coldly.

"It is a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha," he said: "I am not to blame; but then leaving his pale, thoughtful brow to his hand, he added:—"I do not like to refuse to watch I sometimes by to get rid of them, I must be for my good to see facts as they are."

Martha would talk on, and looked upon a bad word as a victory. He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he had honestly drank; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard, I, with all my labor, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby."

"I am sorry heart," murmured Mathew, closing the book with hasty violence—"sorry beat; the gain on one side, the ruin on the other; and the goods on, and pain things in the worst light: never was man so lured," he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was "lured"—by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pained frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of good sown will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all prepared, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will shoot forth—sideways, perhaps, after a long, anxious struggle—and bear the weight of such a burden, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, little more than thing, nothing upward—becoming a delicate green in the morning sunlight—expanding in the morning, when birds are singing—at mid-day, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, until *it rustles every the stone*, and overshadows its inscriptions birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope. God, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearing back-biddings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good deeds!

And who saved the good seed in the heart of Mathew Hawslay? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, betwixt of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of rem wron, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sin as warning to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee (for Mathew and Martha had analyzed the unsympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood,) a little line, in vor to be forgotten—a whisper, and, low, audible during—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. Oh what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee*; but her bee had no stings: it could sing in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Mathew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was, struggling did exist—lag—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, and to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spouse and sugar-tongs made Mathew so angry, that Martha refused she had never had anything to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved that her error should never again to let Mathew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Mathew, all that day, continued more thoughtful than usual; and that which the sister considered a bad sign: he was observed to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should send girls to buy bread at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: "*Ha!*" he was "thinking his sermon." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone. She had been wrong—but that is, according to her reading of the word, "wrong"—before—taken the "tramps" in his sense way, but never before had gone back to the business "like a man."

Peter Crust came to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not speak to his proposals for payment "at kind." even his wife's fear about could not tempt her, Martha knew nothing about it, and was "not accustomed; indeed, I know that weeks pass with not your handkerchief being much less wear of spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave 'the Gospel' alone, it would be left in a state of half who would not have your scruples. All the penny my dear, your house is the best conducted of in the parish—"

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA
SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE OUT OF EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND ARE ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We propose the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - - - - - $6.00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $10,00
18 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $15,00
27 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $20,00

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money may add to a Club, though he may not remain in it at the same rate, provided the terms will allow their subscription to end at the same hour those of the rest in the Club. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time and thus prevent confusion.

THE MONEY for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible; the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

POST-MASTERS or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by letting them send in one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we have no collecting agents, out at this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Direct to post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish a subscriber sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters will exert themselves and get up Clubs; and if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our PROSPECTUS to other intelligent and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL STORIES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—EASAYS and ARTICLES; on THE FATAL YOU, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DERBHAM by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G." &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

NOTICE.

Our clerk informs us that he has just finished sending certain important communications to a number of our subscribers. To these important communications—commonly called Bills—we would ask the immediate attention of those who have received them. The expenses of all newspapers are now much greater than they ever have been during our connection with the business, while the prices of most articles, the Post included, are as low as ever. It is therefore even more important than usual, that our subscribers should pay up as promptly as possible. They will please remember, further, that we have almost entirely dispensed with the system of Collecting Agents, and now depend upon our subscribers, out of this city, to remit through the mail.

If we may with good taste dwell a little longer upon a matter so very important to us, we will please say the same to Agents as to Subscribers—"Delays are dangerous," and that "Procrastination is the thief of" money. Promptness, as well as "Time." Every man therefore who owes money on his newspaper, should "make it sleep in his eyes nor slumber in his eyelids" until he has remitted the amount due—or promise it would be better, to retain a comfy look sleeping the nowhere as they come, until he can stand up squarely, in the sight of our counter with and interesting family, and say:—This paper is my own.

Well, "few words better no parsnips," says the old adage; but we trust that the above few rows will at least help matters some.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER: OR THE FATAL VOW.

We design commencing in the course of two or three weeks, the publication of the promised original novelet by Mrs. Southworth. We hope to get, and we trust such a feeling is generally shared by our readers, a desire to have published before us the character of "Miriam," and to be admitted into the secret of the "Fatal Vow." We also begin to experience a longing for that narrative of intense interest, those scenes of wild beauty and thrilling terror, which are universally placed before us by a "magician's wand," when the gifted author of "The Deserted Wife" commences with ready hand the mingled web of romance.

Ah, those hot mid summer days! How can we toil in browning their appearance with heat and bringing rapidly on the cool delights of action, accessible as by laying better on table a million of reader number of those fascinating stories, which will now engage in the world of fiction! Therefore, prepare, all ye who have a constitutional "story, for another series of fire-pictures from the gifted soul of one who has learned soon and loved and suffered, and dipped her pen in mankind revered experiences of beauty and gladness and sorrow and pain.

The present story, we have the assurance of Mrs. Southworth shall be as short as she can possibly make it, without injury to the narrative. The last was far too long, notwithstanding its great merits. We shall publish an entire edition at the papers containing the entire chapters, in order to supply back numbers to new subscribers. And we trust that our readers will spread this announcement among each of Mrs Southworth's admirers as do not take the Post, that they may have an opportunity of perusing the successor chapters of the "Fatal Vow," as they appear, in their own, and not borrowed paper.

DEADLY WEAPONS IN CONGRESS.—The recent affair between Messrs. Critten and Cincerbrel, of Tennessee, has drawn from many of the press a relation of the practice of carrying deadly weapons into legislative chambers. The practice is well enough, but those who give it should go further, and notwithstanding the presiding officers of such bodies for not entering company in the halls. Many members of Congress, and others of prowess, will be duly grateful to be relieved of their knives and bowie knives in silence, and there wonder that deadly weapons should be carried into the halls where such solemn business is transacted. But who can wonder that a high-spirited man, who has been goaded into carrying itself with insult, should cause as a necessary consequence at unrestrained language. We, for one, would, and, without expressing any opinion upon the case to which we have alluded, the true character of which we are still ignorant of, we do not hesitate to assert that the only effectual way to prevent the shedding of blood in the halls of Congress, is to enforce the laws of legislative decorum and courtesy. We consider that the presiding officers of the Senate and House, during the present session of Congress, in allowing license to continue—ay more, to encourage—such personal insult, have been shorn a moral incompetency, diagnostic to dismemberment, by the bodies they preside over, and to the country.

RISE IN THE PRICE OF ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—The price of paper having risen in England so as to call for this unusual step, the London Times, it was altogether destroying the public relations of the commercial journals, we learn, that they have resolved to increase their rates of sale and subscription. In England, a newspaper is now going to raise the price of all the papers it has issued one penny. In England, the Times—which derived last year nearly two hundred thousand pounds sterling from its sales—has resolved to raise the price of its copy from three pence to four pence. The Saturday Review, the Spectator, and the Economist have also resolved to increase their rates of sale and subscription. In Glasgow, a movement is now going on to raise the price of all the papers a half cent each copy

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 1st July, Mr. Sumner presented the memorial of 684 men of Massachusetts, praying the repeal of the Fugitive Slave act. He gave notice that he would on Monday ask leave to introduce a bill to repeal that act.

Mr. Rockwell presented a petition from Lowell, Massachusetts, praying that military officers be not employed as superintendents of national armories.

Mr. Adams reported a bill to establish a Department of Law, to prescribe certain duties of the Auditors and Comptrollers of the Treasury, and for other purposes. The bill establishes a Law Department, of which the Attorney General shall be superior officer. He shall perform all duties as Attorney General; shall prepare, second and attest all judicial appointments; shall have the direction of the District Attorneys in the discharge of their duties, and also, Solicitor of the Treasury, who shall hereafter be styled Solicitor of the United States whose office is hereby transferred to the Department of Law.

Mr. Dodge reported back the House Bill to establish the offices of Surveyor General for New Mexico, Kansas, and Nebraska, and to grant donations of land to actual settlers therein, and for other purposes, and the same was passed.

He also reported a bill to vest in the several States and Territories, the title in fee, of the lands which have been, or may be certified to them. Passed. Adjourned.

On the 5th, Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the voters of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and of Andover, Massachusetts, praying the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution directing inquiry as to constructing a building for a custom-house, post-office and court-room, at Wheeling, Virginia. Adopted.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution calling for the correspondence of the American Minister at Brazil, respecting the seizure of an American vessel and imprisonment of an American citizen, by the authorities [illegible]

[illegible] before established and left it, there to be resolutely and actively on the side of freedom. It is meet and proper that the State of Ellsworth and Sherman, who [illegible] into the Constitution on any [illegible], the State of Putnam and Hale, who fought heroically for freedom, should speak out [illegible] at such a crisis, and call upon us to shake off from this Government the accursed [illegible] of slavery. Mr. President, I am not the man to [illegible] the Fugitive Slave law. I will not do it. I can never cast so great an indignity upon the Constitution of my country as to admit by the [illegible] implication the possibility that it could [illegible] such a cerberean monster. Tell me not of the constitutionality of an Act, which, by one bound, vaults over all the bulwarks of liberty in all the States of this Union, and strikes down, at one blow, the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury; which commits the great question of personal liberty, not to judicial trial, but to a summary process before a magistrate appointed, not by the President with the concurrence of the Senate, but by the Court, which forbids the exercise of Christian charity toward the poor and perishing, under severe penalties; which seeks to degrade man below the beasts which perish, by accounting him and his precious rights of too little value to be entitled to a jury trial, less than $20; which holds out the bribe of a double fee to the petty commissioner, for dooming a human being to slavery; which, in short, overthrows all the safeguards of human rights, and leaves man an easy prey to be despoiled and captured by the pirate, the kidnapper and the slave hunter. It was conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity and baptized in blood. It has no rival in its savage brutality; nothing in the code of any civilized nation to compare with it; but towers alone in its detestable pre-eminence of atrocious, unmitigated villainy. I will never affront the Constitution of my country so much as to hold up this frightful gorgon before it, and ask the question, is it constitutional? Rather will I assist to drive it back, howling to its native hell, if it would not be too terrible an infliction on the damned. Tell me that my constitutional oath imposes an obligation upon me to obey this infernal act! I spurn the deed. I scorn the behest. I defy the authority. As if our forefathers intended their children should act the slave hunter and the bloodhound for the slaveholder as if they bequeathed to us such an inheritance of crime, brutality and shame. The Constitution, which I swore to observe and maintain, was ordained to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty; and, in accordance therewith, expressly declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law. By this I stand; by this I will be judged.

I know that Connecticut in the olden time was libelled by a Tory renegade, who absconded to England to perpetrate his vindictive falsehood, as the Blue Law State; but by the blessing of God, the numerous progeny which he left behind him shall never fasten upon her, the deeper damning infamy of the Black Law State.

Mr. Toucey—I rise only for the purpose of saying that it cannot be necessary in this body or before the country, to reply to the remarks which have been made by my colleague. On the contrary, if he will not take it unkindly, I will thank him for furnishing [illegible]

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

HORRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

STILL LATER.

EVACUATION OF THE PRINCIPALITIES.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 8.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

Consumption, 1854	803,780	621,440
" 1853	902,510	703,880
Decrease	98,740	72,450

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited. Among them we notice some Soda Ash at 2¾a2½c; Sal Soda at [illegible]; Copperas at 1½c; Refined Borax at [illegible], and White Sugar of Lead at 12½c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—Continue dull. We quote Western at 44a46c per lb.

FISH—There are but few Mackerel coming forward, and the stock extremely small. The demand, however, has been limited. Small sales from store at $17a17,50 per bbl for large No 1; $16,50 for No 2; and $9,50a10 for No 3. Herring and Codfish are dull at our last quotations.

FRUIT—A cargo of 2,630 boxes Messina Oranges and Lemons have arrived since our last, most of which have been disposed of on terms not made public. Small sales at $1a5 per box for the former, and $2a5 for the latter, as in quality. 10a15,000 Pine Apples sold in lots at $3a6,50 per 100. Dried Apples and Peaches are dull at our last quotations.

GINSENG—Is scarce, and no sales have transpired.

GUANO—Prices are unchanged. There is a steady demand for Peruvian at $53,50 per ton. A cargo has just arrived.

HEMP—The market is firm, but no transactions have been reported.

HIDES—Are scarce, and there have been no further arrivals or sales.

HOPS—Continue to meet a limited inquiry. Small sales of new first sort Eastern and Western at 20a25 cts per lb, and old at 20c.

INDIGO—Small sales of Bengal at $1,35, and Caraccas at $1,10 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—There is a steady demand for Pig Metal, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 300 tons Nos 1 and 2 Anthracite in lots at $39, 6 mos, for the former, and $35 per ton for the latter. A contract [illegible]

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FUN! RICH! RARE! SPICY! THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PERCIVAL MAYBERRY. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[illegible]

A. B. REICHENBACH, PIANO FORTES.

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY. DAGUERREOTYPES!

S. W. JACOBS

THE GREAT RED DRAGON;

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

THE PEOPLE'S PATENT OFFICE.

CABINET WAREHOUSE. GEORGE J. HENKELS.

HOE & CO.'S PATENT GROUND SAWS.

GALLAGHER & HALLOWAY,

ABBOTT & LAWRENCE. LIBERTY STOVE WORKS.

F. H. SMITH,

BOOK AGENTS!

PAPER HANGINGS. HOWELL & BROTHERS

S. M. HOPPER. GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

LIVER COMPLAINT,

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

MEDICATED INHALATION.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE SEASONS.

BY SCHOTTEL.

When the glowing Summer's here,
What joyful Notes from her hare!
Hay day!

When cold Came in Autumn shine,
There, oh, Heck, what glee our time!
Fruit-an-Scheme!

When grey Winters comes, what glee
Makes the round earth ring with we!
Ice and more.

May and corn and buds and flowers,
Harvest and home and Winter hours,
Spring and Summer, Fall and Winter,
With their sun and shade and showers,
Bring, in turn, their gifts divine!

Spring blows, Summer glows,
Autumn stores, Winter snows,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Circular hoards, Winter hides.

Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn sound!
Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Sing, ye birds, in mead and bower,
Bush to tree, with glorious song!
Thus dear learning can be flower,
Time makes ripe and Time makes wise.

Longfellow's German Lyrics.

NO JEWELED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

BY GERALD MASSEY

No jeweled Beauty is my Love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness
She needs no other grace.

Her smiles, and tones, appeal my life
In light and music bring,
And dear, oh dear to me,
Is this true Love of mine.

O, hey! to snow there's one head lower,
Death comes to me
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In crimson music.
My soul to speak, a Poesy
To hear her voice divine.
And dear, oh very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd the wealth,
Twas all for her, I trow:
And if I was Fame's victim-wraith,
'Tis cause it was her lover.
These may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh none, so dear to me,
As this sweet Love of mine.

Selected Sketch.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES

BY N. P. WILLIS.

One Highland neighborhood prides itself on the anecdotes, disinterred among its hills, and the memorials of Washington, so long here, and at such a trying period with his army, are Science and history must take us in their way. Perhaps even Mr. Sumner, too, would give us a reason-sustaining call, if he should hear, that, among other belongings of the Father of Independence, his "sweat sap" still survives among us, as well as his tea-kettle and arm-chair. Such is the test—if the ear alone is to be trusted with a word. UNCLE ENOCH is the curtain name of the only surviving member of Washington's a Life-Guard, a dark man of ninety-five years of age, here resident, and still hearty and active. And the circumstance with which he is commonly mentioned gives a measure of his old but lasting longe—a habit, which he has kept up for the night or nine years that he now lives in a widower, of celebrating his own birth-day by a call on all the widows of the country round about.

The portrait of this venerable "revolutionary," which hangs among the in the old mansion known as Washington's Head-Quarters, at Newburgh, had started a question as to his veracity; and we were enjoyed to do discourse that he was residing on just the other side of the mountain which we see from our western window—a brother farmer within ten or twelve miles of Idlewild. This was startling vouchsafe, for a still unmanned link with an age gone by, and, to drive over and see the old man on the first day that was the promise of an excursion that might even lay a rose leaf on the full cup of a June morning.

We have spoken once or twice in these letters, of our venerable next neighbor, Friend S., the Quaker, whose white locks and kind-cast of countenance of mere and features are among the most pensions and beautiful of the occasional pictures in our secluded grounds. To him, also, it was a surprise to learn that so interesting a person as Uncle Enoch was still living and within visiting distance, and he willingly agreed to make one of the party. His company had the additional merit, to us, that it would bring together two whose eyes had been familiar with the form of Washington, Friend S. (now eighty years of age) having been a boy in the neighborhood when the Head-Quarters were here, and seeing the great man almost daily.

The rural township to which we were bound is called Little Britain, and the atmosphere, on the morning of our excursion (June 10th), was of that occasional temperature which gives our hard and close landscape the softer effect of that of England. There would have been a third remnant of the pastoral company, in the sign of the old tavern, representing General George Washington on the British lion in a chain—but that remarkable painting is now removed. The highly cultivated fields, of the part of our country of eggs and turkey looked very English in the veiled sunshine. The cat-tle were English—Devon cows in every pasture. A belonging of our own native scenery was endearly missed, as we descended from the gap in the ridge of Snake-Hill—the black cattle, which line the walls on every road of our Highland Terrace. With the change of the soil, in passing the bowlcirm of mountains that shuts us in, the horticultuaust for this invariable tree evidently severe, and I had not realized, before, how fortunate we are in having such superb specimens accessible for the public roads, on our romantic ten-mile terrace.

At the gate of a small and unpainted farmcottage, on the side of a hill, I had up a very positive, and, as the front porch showed no sign of life, we took the gentle course to the back door. Here we were met by a middle aged lady, whose face we could but partially see, for the had on one of those sun-bonnets of cane, which all our country girls wear till they have got through with their work in the morning of this useful article hanging, for the rest of the day, on a nail by the kitchen door, ready to be slipped on whenever there is an errand to the barn, or whenever the hair is to be protected from dust, or the features from unwished observation. Probably no passing stranger ever saw the face of an American girl while she was milking the cows or weeding the carrot-bed.

The parlor blinds were thrown open, their planed, and the kindest of welcomes given to us by this diagonal lady in her sunbonnet, and then, saying that her father would be in presently, she disappeared to see to more, to her visit." The old man was at work in his garden, but his slow steps were soon heard, and he entered the room. Throwing his hat upon the floor at one side of the threshold, and his stick at the other. With a smile on his face and both hands open, he came forward to greet the strangers. He was tall and hard, but evidently of the lithe and symmetrical build, which was likeliest to attain his present age of ninety-five. His head and features were remarkably fine. A sculptor would have modelled a Cæsar from them, a half century ago. Frankness, cordiality, and self-confident simplicity, were marked in his expression of face, voice and manners.

Very dear, he drew out chairs very near himand, with his right hand on the leg of Friend S. and his left hand on mine, he made us feel acquainted with our names and professions. The group chanced to be a curious ladder of ages—my boy at the bottom of the ladder, and his grandfather (Mr. Grinnell, of Bedford,) the octogenarian Friend S., and the almost centenarian who had come to visit—five stages of a century, in a circle inmost soon humming and humming to the eldest. And what a wilderness of deeds and dinners, to fill up the interval between the first round of the ladder and the last! With all the success and honor of the three seconds above me, I must say it seemed rather a climb. My consistent flashback is not coming to the note, but a relief to it, like the crossection lines in a bill.

* In a dozen year which I have taken taken, we grew my with the object of moving the hundred country, we had the good fortune to one one of the fullest, and were very much delighted with her performance of consciousness and manners. She is, indeed, a worthy daughter of a sire such as reputation agreed on.

The two old men, with the long gray locks of the one contrasted with the bald dome together, were apt to vanquish their two companions. Washington was the model—the one that we seemed to bringing about. Friend S. related how the boys used to collect out of school to see the great man ride to Christ ere soon in the morning down the road from the house, and how sometimes he would ride leaded, as he rode out for exercise, but if not, he would ride at a full gallop. He lived in the house Lafayette occupied at that time, at the junction of the Hoosten with Fishkill, and they often reflected their ear-marks with the story of the Irishman, who remarked to every that he could not understand why he took out of stepped his in the wrong—possibility of an intention to drown the position of those who rode in the Indian manner. He used to be obliged to leave the neighborhood.

But the old Surgeon's description of the habits of the Chief, and of every-day-looking in the manner of Head-Quarters, and the look of the General, as he mounted his horse, and rode off to the parties, straight as a dart, and safe as he could be "was the most glowing of all. They "had the finest horses in the army," he said, and "they made such music that it took you right off your feet." It called straightened the old man's spine to talk of it. He sat bolt upright, and the squeeze of his bony fingers upon the knee of his companion was lower than the one with which he "charged bayonet" at the battle of Monmouth. He had commissioned a verbal order Washington gave him at that time—not to present arms or take salute, or interrupt [illegible] "Why, Mr. C., you have begotten to leave your dooknots." Mr. C. appeared amused, apparently not understanding his interrogatory. "You," continued Mrs. R., "you know it is the rule for the officers to present arms when the Queen dame!" interrupted the Frenchman, with exclamation.—I will give you my word, not one but commands!" and applying the action to the word, he sprang towards Mrs. M., and, bearing her lightly in her arms, kissed her on the cheek—smiling. The affrighted Mrs. M., recovering herself, exclaimed—"Oh, you wicked Mr. C., you lie!" Funnily looking confident and consented, ejaculation, with heavy sighs—O, no-no, I am yet as one for her days." "Oh, no, no, I go to. Yat a fziale mistake?"

TOASTS BY THE TRADE.—From a list of private dinners, held to keep up the spirit of the New England celebration at Milwaukie, we take the following:

By Mr. Brown—"The Storm of Liberty"—Is rose in the year—may it continue to grow till light itself it has traversed the whole world, and prepared for the last great baking.

By a Dry Goods Merchant—Our National Flag—May it ever be displayed, but never sold!

By a Printer—"Plymouth Rock"—the imposing stone on which the form of our liberties was made up—may it be a type of their perpetuity.

By a Tailor—"The American Union"—Boldly spun by the patriotism of our mothers—may its needle of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip it asunder.

By a Miller—"The Mayflower"—Ground from the grist of oppression, it turned out no bread of slavery.

By a Forwarder—"The Boston Tea Party" May it be long remembered, for it stowed by all who attempt to cheat liberty out of her just rights.

By a Banker—"The Pilgrim Stock"—above par every market.

"I STILL LIVE!"—Lord Byron once remarked, "Glory consists of being shot in battle, and having one's name reported among the dead and wounded list." We were never more strongly reminded of the truth of this assertion, and how little there is genuine glory beyond after their death, than on hearing a few days since, the following anecdote, related by a farmer, trying to repeat the last words of the "Godlike Webster." "I still live?" A gentleman remarked, "Life is very dear to all." "Ah, yes," replied the farmer. "that's true, every word of it; and the why-for, Captain, that you don't think of what one of your fellow citizens has said when he died a spell ago." Who was it?" inquired the Captain. "Why, I don't just call his name to mind now, but at any rate he was a big polititioner, and lived near the Connecticut line. He was a Federalist, and when he died, the Boston people put his image in their windows, and had a funeral sermon preached day." "Perhaps it was Webster," suggested the Captain. "Yes, that's the name! Webster—General Webster! Strange you should think on't sure! He rix up in the bed, and he says, 'I AIN'T DEAD YET.'"—*Literary Museum.*

YOUNG AMERICA.—A short time since, an adventurous boy, numbering some ten summers, undertook to spell a skill over in Ohio, from Cincinnati to Covington. When this little over half his voyage had been accomplished, a German gentleman standing on the Kentucky side saw the frail bark capsize, and the boy struggling in the water. The gentleman he divested himself of coat and boots, and was about to take away as much surface as possible from Sweden, and contrive that they shall adieu in first, as a sort of trial of the text for their subjugation. With this object in view, we must keep Sweden, in opposition to Hungary, Denmark to Sweden, and ruthlessly foster their mutual jealousies. The consorts of the Russian Princes must always be of Swedish origin. From among German Princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and ultimately our interest with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it, to absorb and open-counsel to our policy. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of the greatest service to us in the improvement of our own. We must export wood and other articles of commerce for gold, and establish permanent connections between her merchants and seamen and our own. We must keep Russia from extending her influence along the Baltic and southward along the Black Sea, and also from the Mediterranean, as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can get possession of these places has the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels at the line with Turkey, and keep Russia at war with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a double important element in the successful of his schemes. We must invade the dominion of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf: if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Lower Empire Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which would be the consummation of the world. Once there we can dispense with English gold. When Sweden is won, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, and the Indies annexed, and the Euxine and the Baltic the basin of our inland seas, we will then make separate and secret overtures, first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts our propositions, which is not likely, the remainder of their ambition and establishment are property worked upon, we must make use of this one to annihilate the other. This done, we have only to destroy the remaining one, by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be suspected, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the East and of the best part of Europe. Should the impossible case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia—then we must play off the one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Success must then watch for and seize the favorable moment, and pour her already consolidated hordes into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with soldiers, proceed and conveyed by the waters of the Euxine and the Baltic and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, they will overwhelm France on the one side, and Austria on the other. When these countries are fully conquered, the rest of Europe will fall an easy prey. Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland will be without a seconable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance. So they obeyed and ran into the sea, and were obliged to sit in the boat till the ship came to take them off; and the latter was not seen if by yards, tions.

The old soldier gave us a thrilling description of the privations of the army in its brood march in the South. It was the wettest season ever known, and he had not a dry thread on him for weeks, but he never took cold. The rations were most to starvation—once a dried herring a day and no bread. At the battle of Monmouth every man in his company was shot, he himself escaping as no man is in the habit of escaping, he was in during the war, except a slight grase of a ball on the back of his left hand. The old man's feelings get the better of him, once or twice, in narrating the stirring scenes in which he had been a party, and he "choked off"—but it evidently gave him great pleasure to recall them. He said he had no memory for things, now, but he could remember perfectly what happened then, as if it were yesterday. He enlisted at the age of fourteen, and was in the army six years. Since the disbanding, at the Peace, he has been a farmer, taking no part in the war of 1812. His wife died eight years ago, at the age of seventy-nine, and his two only children, both grown, and with families among us, his support of her father, by drone-making.) live with him. His pensies of ten dollars a month is all he receives from the United States—but this, as well as for his wants.

To see these two men, to whose eyes Washington's living features and form had been familiar—sitting together and talking of him with the familiarity of a friend upon each other, and each seeing the memory-picture of the great man, as he talked or listened—gave a strange impetus to the imagination, a new zest to me for the conceiving at what Washington was, as a companion, and as he stood. It was the Present turned back to the Past, in the magician's mirror. As we drove home, I felt as if we were returning from a place where we had been once gone by—though my horses, by the unusual speed—Greene! Greene! Greene! Greene! I think oh't dare! He rix up in the bed, and he says, 'I AIN'T DEAD YET.'"—*Literary Museum.*

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

[The immoral aspect of affairs in Europe, renders the following brief-known extract from the Will of Peter the Great, doubly interesting at this time. The plan of action marked out by Peter, has been unconsciously followed by the Russian Court, up to the present moment.]

"We must take away as much territory as possible from Sweden, and contrive that they shall adieu in first, as a sort of trial of the text for their subjugation. With this object in view, we must keep Sweden, in opposition to Hungary, Denmark to Sweden, and ruthlessly foster their mutual jealousies. The consorts of the Russian Princes must always be of Swedish origin. From among German Princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and ultimately our interest with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it, to absorb and open-counsel to our policy. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of the greatest service to us in the improvement of our own. We must export wood and other articles of commerce for gold, and establish permanent connections between her merchants and seamen and our own. We must keep Russia from extending her influence along the Baltic and southward along the Black Sea, and also from the Mediterranean, as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can get possession of these places has the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels at the line with Turkey, and keep Russia at war with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a double important element in the successful of his schemes. We must invade the dominion of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf: if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Lower Empire Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which would be the consummation of the world. Once there we can dispense with English gold. When Sweden is won, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, and the Indies annexed, and the Euxine and the Baltic the basin of our inland seas, we will then make separate and secret overtures, first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts our propositions, which is not likely, the remainder of their ambition and establishment are property worked upon, we must make use of this one to annihilate the other. This done, we have only to destroy the remaining one, by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be suspected, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the East and of the best part of Europe. Should the impossible case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia—then we must play off the one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Success must then watch for and seize the favorable moment, and pour her already consolidated hordes into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with soldiers, proceed and conveyed by the waters of the Euxine and the Baltic and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, they will overwhelm France on the one side, and Austria on the other. When these countries are fully conquered, the rest of Europe will fall an easy prey. Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland will be without a seconable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance. So they obeyed and ran into the sea, and were obliged to sit in the boat till the ship came to take them off; and the latter was not seen if by yards, tions.

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Wit and Humor.

A FINE NOTION.—A citizen of France, who had been fined for not keeping his dog muzzled, being asked to send to him, and has been in vain attempting everybody's knowledge of our country, inquired whether the United States was a more comfortable country. All the little appointments of life, he said, were so much in the manner and fashion of his own country, that he had almost forgotten he was in America. "Why, then," said Mr. C., you have begotten to leave your dooknots." Mr. C. appeared amused, apparently not understanding his interrogatory. "You," continued Mrs. R., "you know it is the rule for the officers to present arms when the Queen dame!" interrupted the Frenchman, with exclamation.—I will give you my word, not one but commands!" and applying the action to the word, he sprang towards Mrs. M., and, bearing her lightly in her arms, kissed her on the cheek—smiling. The affrighted Mrs. M., recovering herself, exclaimed—"Oh, you wicked Mr. C., you lie!" Funnily looking confident and consented, ejaculation, with heavy sighs—O, no-no, I am yet as one for her days." "Oh, no, no, I go to. Yat a fziale mistake?"

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"I STILL LIVE!"—Lord Byron once remarked, "Glory consists of being shot in battle, and having one's name reported among the dead and wounded list." We were never more strongly reminded of the truth of this assertion, and how little there is genuine glory beyond after their death, than on hearing a few days since, the following anecdote, related by a farmer, trying to repeat the last words of the "Godlike Webster." "I still live?" A gentleman remarked, "Life is very dear to all." "Ah, yes," replied the farmer. "that's true, every word of it; and the why-for, Captain, that you don't think of what one of your fellow citizens has said when he died a spell ago." Who was it?" inquired the Captain. "Why, I don't just call his name to mind now, but at any rate he was a big polititioner, and lived near the Connecticut line. He was a Federalist, and when he died, the Boston people put his image in their windows, and had a funeral sermon preached day." "Perhaps it was Webster," suggested the Captain. "Yes, that's the name! Webster—General Webster! Strange you should think on't sure! He rix up in the bed, and he says, 'I AIN'T DEAD YET.'"—*Literary Museum.*

YOUNG AMERICA.—A short time since, an adventurous boy, numbering some ten summers, undertook to spell a skill over in Ohio, from Cincinnati to Covington. When this little over half his voyage had been accomplished, a German gentleman standing on the Kentucky side saw the frail bark capsize, and the boy struggling in the water. The gentleman he divested himself of coat and boots, and was about to take away as much surface as possible from Sweden, and contrive that they shall adieu in first, as a sort of trial of the text for their subjugation. With this object in view, we must keep Sweden, in opposition to Hungary, Denmark to Sweden, and ruthlessly foster their mutual jealousies. The consorts of the Russian Princes must always be of Swedish origin. From among German Princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and ultimately our interest with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it, to absorb and open-counsel to our policy. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of the greatest service to us in the improvement of our own. We must export wood and other articles of commerce for gold, and establish permanent connections between her merchants and seamen and our own. We must keep Russia from extending her influence along the Baltic and southward along the Black Sea, and also from the Mediterranean, as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can get possession of these places has the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels at the line with Turkey, and keep Russia at war with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a double important element in the successful of his schemes. We must invade the dominion of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf: if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Lower Empire Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which would be the consummation of the world. Once there we can dispense with English gold. When Sweden is won, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, and the Indies annexed, and the Euxine and the Baltic the basin of our inland seas, we will then make separate and secret overtures, first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts our propositions, which is not likely, the remainder of their ambition and establishment are property worked upon, we must make use of this one to annihilate the other. This done, we have only to destroy the remaining one, by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be suspected, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the East and of the best part of Europe. Should the impossible case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia—then we must play off the one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Success must then watch for and seize the favorable moment, and pour her already consolidated hordes into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with soldiers, proceed and conveyed by the waters of the Euxine and the Baltic and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, they will overwhelm France on the one side, and Austria on the other. When these countries are fully conquered, the rest of Europe will fall an easy prey. Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland will be without a seconable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance. So they obeyed and ran into the sea, and were obliged to sit in the boat till the ship came to take them off; and the latter was not seen if by yards, tions.

The old soldier gave us a thrilling description of the privations of the army in its brood march in the South. It was the wettest season ever known, and he had not a dry thread on him for weeks, but he never took cold. The rations were most to starvation—once a dried herring a day and no bread. At the battle of Monmouth every man in his company was shot, he himself escaping as no man is in the habit of escaping, he was in during the war, except a slight grase of a ball on the back of his left hand. The old man's feelings get the better of him, once or twice, in narrating the stirring scenes in which he had been a party, and he "choked off"—but it evidently gave him great pleasure to recall them. He said he had no memory for things, now, but he could remember perfectly what happened then, as if it were yesterday. He enlisted at the age of fourteen, and was in the army six years. Since the disbanding, at the Peace, he has been a farmer, taking no part in the war of 1812. His wife died eight years ago, at the age of seventy-nine, and his two only children, both grown, and with families among us, his support of her father, by drone-making.) live with him. His pensies of ten dollars a month is all he receives from the United States—but this, as well as for his wants.

To see these two men, to whose eyes Washington's living features and form had been familiar—sitting together and talking of him with the familiarity of a friend upon each other, and each seeing the memory-picture of the great man, as he talked or listened—gave a strange impetus to the imagination, a new zest to me for the conceiving at what Washington was, as a companion, and as he stood. It was the Present turned back to the Past, in the magician's mirror. As we drove home, I felt as if we were returning from a place where we had been once gone by—though my horses, by the unusual speed—Greene! Greene! Greene! Greene! I think oh't dare! He rix up in the bed, and he says, 'I AIN'T DEAD YET.'"—*Literary Museum.*

City Scenes.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Dismay of a British swell on seeing a postman with moustaches.

Selected Articles.

THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

The rapidity with which the rays of light and heat traverse space is wonderful. In the case of the solar beams they move with the rapidity of at least 190,000 miles per second. This fact has been arrived at in three ways, namely, by the observations of Roemer in 1675 on the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, by the brewing-time of Bradley in 1727, on the aberration of the fixed stars, and more recently by actual experiment. In the case of the solar beams, in each case the velocity was determined as a little more than 190,000 miles in a second. Let us for a moment pause to contemplate this wonderful fact.

The earth is distant from the sun about 95 millions of miles, and this space is travelled by light and heat in the short period of eight minutes and thirteen seconds. If we were to undertake the journey in a railway carriage, and were to travel night and day without a moment's pause at a rate of sixty miles an hour, we should take us about 182 years to go the distance; or if we were to travel through space with the velocity of a cannon ball, we should be nearly twenty years upon the course. Again, the earth from its here and there is distant from Neptune 2,900 millions of miles; and this vast distance is passed over in a period of fifty-eight days by the transit. Or suppose that we were to get upon the planet Mercury, which is the swiftest moving body of our system, and were to ride him straight on with his usual velocity of thirty miles a second, even then a period of thirty-seven days would be required to find the sun. Lastly, to make a comparison with the fleetest of all material bodies, and how little are the comparisons of the realms of space is at the enormous rate of 222 miles in a second—it would occupy five days four and twenty hours to go from the sun to the Earth, however, performs the journey in short a time as the twenty-first part of the time.

But amazingly great as is the velocity of light, it is as nothing compared with the incalculable velocity with which it emanates from the central. The beams of the noon-day sun, as we have already stated, have been found over a space of 95 millions of miles; those of the planet Neptune, which is the most distant of our system, are found to extend to the enormous space of 2,900 millions of miles; and they have taken about eight hours to pass from the sun to the planet, which is the planet to us.

Prodigious as this may appear when brought before us in the form of definite intervals of time and distance, yet even this stake into insignificance when it is compared with the almost immeasurable space that intervenes between our system and the fixed stars. The nearest of these, namely, the star called Centauri, is at the distance of about 20 billions of miles from us; and the light of that star must have occupied about three years and a half in its voyage. And as it is accomplished, a German gentleman standing on the Kentucky side saw the frail bark capsize, and the boy struggling in the water. The gentleman he divested himself of coat and boots, and was about to take away as much surface as possible from Sweden, and contrive that they shall adieu in first, as a sort of trial of the text for their subjugation. With this object in view, we must keep Sweden, in opposition to Hungary, Denmark to Sweden, and ruthlessly foster their mutual jealousies. The consorts of the Russian Princes must always be of Swedish origin. From among German Princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and ultimately our interest with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it, to absorb and open-counsel to our policy. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of the greatest service to us in the improvement of our own. We must export wood and other articles of commerce for gold, and establish permanent connections between her merchants and seamen and our own. We must keep Russia from extending her influence along the Baltic and southward along the Black Sea, and also from the Mediterranean, as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can get possession of these places has the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels at the line with Turkey, and keep Russia at war with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a double important element in the successful of his schemes. We must invade the dominion of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf: if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Lower Empire Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which would be the consummation of the world. Once there we can dispense with English gold. When Sweden is won, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, and the Indies annexed, and the Euxine and the Baltic the basin of our inland seas, we will then make separate and secret overtures, first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts our propositions, which is not likely, the remainder of their ambition and establishment are property worked upon, we must make use of this one to annihilate the other. This done, we have only to destroy the remaining one, by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be suspected, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the East and of the best part of Europe. Should the impossible case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia—then we must play off the one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Success must then watch for and seize the favorable moment, and pour her already consolidated hordes into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with soldiers, proceed and conveyed by the waters of the Euxine and the Baltic and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, they will overwhelm France on the one side, and Austria on the other. When these countries are fully conquered, the rest of Europe will fall an easy prey. Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland will be without a seconable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance. So they obeyed and ran into the sea, and were obliged to sit in the boat till the ship came to take them off; and the latter was not seen if by yards, tions.

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BRIGHT BE THE DREAMS.

BY SALLIE A. REEDY.

Oh, bright be the dreams that come to thee now,
As sweet may they flow on the tide
And soft be the starry light kissing thy brow,
While spirits thine watch o'er the bed.
There sit sleeping, I know, while I'm watching you
Dear.

That is smiling so calmly above,
And thinking of me—for that I forgive by
Of all sobs in the heaven of love.

I'm wishing I were but a soft summer breeze,
To fan the fringe o'er the sparrow
Of a night-bird, I'd plaintively sing and the trees,
And lull thee to soothing repose.
I'd be a bird in the forest—a mate here your kind
When love is the beautiful theme,
And those sparrow-like eyes of yearning hearts should still sing.
Thank they come to thee but in a dream.

I would that I were the soft angel of sleep,
To watch o'er thy radiant head,
To kiss from thy forehead the night-fall deep,
Till each star of the night sank had fled;
I'd press thee so warm to regain may always
If they sleep in yon fair world adorn—
Or to it they come in the morning a gleam,
All softened, yet brightened by love.

I go to my rest, and am courting ideal sat
Thou'rt there in the midst of the throng,
Thy whispering tone thou' my bright dreams will fill
Ah,
And I shall be happy with thee.
Then rest be the heaven in its murmuring flight,
And the stars of the night keep their vigil,
And may the morn find thee as joyous and bright
As thy sweet dreams are making thee now.

—Louisville Journal.

ECONOMY IN FOOD.

At least one-half of the world do not know how to economize their food. The first principle of "Economy in food," they would say, with a stare, "What do you mean? I must buy bread, and I get a joint because I like it, I buy eggs, and I can't get any bigger one. I cannot do without meat, and there is a useful deal of fish, eighteen pence a pound for beef and mutton! As for lamb, why, poor folks can't touch that; but I must have meat, and I will have it." And so they talk, in just so dear. I should like to see your economy, if you have to find for a family."

To you should, no you may, if you will come where we eat. We believe that a man can work hard, and yet eat no meat. Certainly, there is not a doubt that a perfect vegetable diet is natural of himself, and he can eat meat without running every day to the butcher to get it fresh. Each working family should keep their pig, and seldom touch fresh meat except at the season when pork is cheap. It is not good economy for a poor man to buy fresh meats at any time.

As for potatoes, skin-taxtle of them all the year round, and you will find them cheaper than they are the dearest article that is sold for the sustenance of man. The prices that odd potatoes are retailed at is equal to five times the pound, and those from Bermuda eight cents, and the little, round, waxy potatoes, costing things called "new potatoes," are sold at a price equal to twelve cents per pound. At the same time, potatoes are useful four or six months, and yet every body cries "what a dreadful price!" But potatoes are cheaper than flour; not only more economical, but more healthy, particularly for a variation of diet. One thing in the various preparations of Indian corn—the percent at all is the meal ground almost as fine as flour, while almost speils it for bread. Then there is the article known at the South and West, where it is extensively used, under the name of hominy. Here it is called samp, and is sold at about $2.50 a bushel, and one bushel is worth more than four bushels of potatoes. It is a good, palatable, wholesome, economical food. But a more generally acceptable food is rice, which is here at the West Indies. All these preparations of economical food are made by the North American Finland, and they are to be had in Boston, very largely, and of course sold to somebody that knows how to live in this hasty and pens.

Rice and pease are also articles that should enter much more into the consumption of all who claim economy in food. We believe that a dollar's worth of either would go further than six dollars' worth of fresh meat, or the choicest cuts of potatoes.

Rice is another economical article of food, and when well made, very largely, and of course sold to somebody that knows how to live in this hasty and pens.

Eggs, even at the usual high prices, are economical, because they are so easily cooked, a pin and sugar to them, you will be able to feed a hungry family for more economically than on any other food.

We might continue our list at economical articles of food, but we have no faith in working-people who are confined hours per day, and cool to that old round of bread, meat, potatoes and tea, that they do not appear to know, and more do anything else. Yes, they do one thing more; they generate at the high prices of the present time, the high price of the doctors, the beaters track made by folly, and travelled by her votaries.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DIALECTS OF BIRDS.—I believe there is a dialect to the notes of birds. The song, for example, of a thrush near London, or even in my own neighborhood, has little resemblance, except in tone and specific character, to that of the same in Devonshire, or near Exeter. The same notes, I suppose, are discernible, but they are arranged for the most part in a different manner, and are sung in the same way. They are given with different cadence, and the singing is pitched in a different key. One great distinction between the two cases is the number of gutteral notes, of which the song of a Devonshire thrush is often made up, but which near London we hardly rally at the end of a line, or even much less frequently; while those chief notes which mainly constitute the song of the other bird, and make it so impressive, are rarely pronounced by the Devonshire thrush.—*Jesse's Country Life.*

THE GREYHOUND OF AFRICA.

Sterling writers name the commendable habits of the Arabs of Nubia, and the Bedouins of the Desert. Here, he is all other Arabs combine, the common dog, obtains the name of Kelb, and is held in contempt. The greyhound, Saluki, is still regarded as a commendable animal. Sometimes—it is disagreeable because of the greyhound called—the Abyssinian greyhound, which is a cross between the Saluki and the Abyssinian greyhound, is treated by the Arab with the greatest conside